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READ "TROOPER TOMMY ATKINS" ON BISLEY, NEXT PAGE.



NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING AT BISLEY: "P.I.P." SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

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Special Prizes.—The three customers who return the largest number of wrappers from the bottles will each receive a dozen solid silver tea spoons. For particulars see wrappers.
Sold by all grocers, in bottles, each containing sufficient for two gallons, for 4/6d, or free by post for 6d. from **SHARP & CO., LTD.,** The Rink, Maidstone.

Trooper Tommy Atkins at Bisley.

I MET MY FRIEND FOWLER again the other day—this time at Bisley Camp, where he was walking about in a most professional manner with his carbine tucked under his arm. He

Did Not Look so Smart

as when I last saw him; his natty stable-jacket was replaced by a loose serge "active service frock"; the stripes of his overalls would have looked the better for a little chromo-yellow, and instead of the smart forage-cap which his regiment prides itself in possessing, he wore

A "Pot-Hunter's War-Hat."

as he called it—that is, a white peaked hat with a curtain depending from the back. I hinted as gently as possible that he was

Not Exactly a Credit to the Old "Crush."

and that riled him a bit.

"Credit! Well, no; I should blessed well think I ain't! 'Ere, I won a quid or two at the Army Rifle Meetin' the other day, and so the Adjutant said as 'ow I should come 'ere and try my luck. And a d—d nice Camp it is for any decent horse-soldier to come to! There ain't no dis-sip-plin bar in the Grabbies' lines, and if the rest o' the Volunteers is like most of

These Shooting Blighters—

well, I don't think much of 'em. They walk

me. Then the 'Wantage,' that Jumping Jimmy fink, where you 'ave to fire at the target when it comes up for three seconds, is good fun; so's the 'Fletcher,' where you 'ave to loose off right from the magazine in thirty seconds. I think as 'ow there ought to be more of these sort of competition on as active servi e.

The Enemy Ain't a Goin' to Stand Still while you point your sights, gets your elevation, and puts on a line for wind, and then assumes the crouch Hythe position. Oh, dear, no! When you're shootin' niggers you've got to let 'er go, and bloomin' sharp, too. They've got a lot of tricky patents, too: 'arf a dozen competitions with different powders, whos' names all end in 'ite,' and there's a d—d good magazine pistol, what 'll get off six shots in three seconds—useful in a tight place if it didn't jam. Then,

Simpson's Rest

seems good enough, and would, I should imagine, come in 'andy for foot-regiments, though we don't do much that way. Any'ow, I ma e a good enough shoot with it, and 'opes to come into the list.

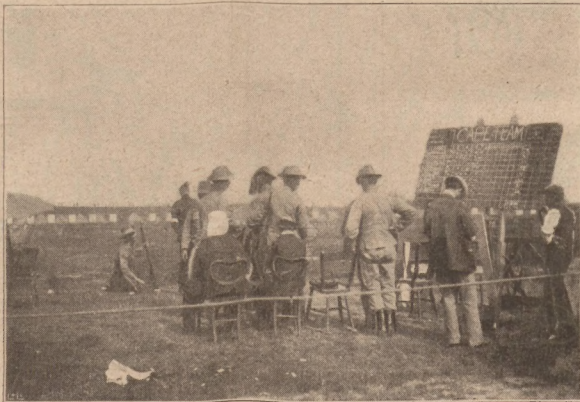
The Colonials Can Shoot;

they look smart, too. More like soldiers and less like pot-hunters than the Volunteers are. "But you haven't told me why you look a bit ticky." "Aven't I? Well, to tell you the truth, Burslar, it don't pay to wear decent clobber on these bloomin' ranges. Just wait till Saturday when we are over for the Cambridge Shield, and you 'll see that the old crush is just as gassy as ever; and we 'ave

Got Some Classy Mokes

now, and don't you forget it! Yus, I'm in one of the teams, and we're going pretty near winning.

"P.I.P." BISLEY SNAP-SHOT.



CAPE TEAM SHOOTING FOR THE KOLAPORE CUP.

Won by the Victorians, with a score of 751; New Zealand second, with 748; and Mother-Country third, with 732.

about any'ow; they ain't shaved or clean, and even if they can shoot they look like a perishin' lot of Millishy rookies. And then the way they crack on about what they can do and what they haven't done! why, it gives me the fair

Bloomin' 'ump to 'ear 'em Gassin' and Bunking

all the day about wot they'd 'ave come back with if it 'adn't been for a 'naweggie' or a 'low ooter.' 'Owerer, I s'pose it can't be 'elped, it's the nature of the animals, and they 'll never be any better or 'ave any more idea of soldierin' than a commissary mule."

"What has made you so hard on them, Fowler?"

Surely You Don't Think all Volunteers are Alike?

"God forbid! No, I think the Volunteers is orlight, and a d—d smart body o' men as a 'ole, but what I'm cribbin' about is the blessed cheek o' some yob from a place which ain't even marked on the map, wantin' to tell me—

Me a Private of Her Majesty's Cavalry— what to do about shootin'. We ain't no great shakes, I will say, but I'd back our blokes to make better practice in front of a mob of Fuzzies or Paythans than any of these blighters with their blow-pipes and paint-boxes, and verniers and wind-gauges, and other trash they cart about!"

"Well, what do you think of the Camp generally?"

"It's all right, and a

Darned Sight Better Than Our Show,

'cos it's up on a hill, and you can see all over the country. At the same time, it's a bit too slow for me. No darned amusement at night, and or a private soldier like me can do is to go to the Canteen and swill 'pongelo'—not much cop that, I can tell you.

"Have I seen any of the big shoots? Yes, a few. You see, I've been pottering about,

Wastin' My Captin's Oof;

'e's paid any entrance-fee I wanted, and I've made a bit, and when I ain't been shootin' I've been looking at some of the shows.

"That runnin' man is good sport, and so's the deer, but if you 'it the beggar in the 'aunch you've got to brass up, and that's no parade for

Talk of London.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK,

who now seem quite to the manner born in taking a civil part in public functions, crown the proceedings of the National Rifle Association on the present Saturday afternoon by distributing the prizes at Bisley. T.R.H.'s journey would be lightened by reading our own Trooper Tommy's Bisky report—candid, to the point, and not without humour. Though not so largely attended as when the Tir National was held on Wimbledon Common, the Bisley Meeting has the merit of being more businesslike; and, thanks to the thoughtful and considerate train-arrangements of Sir Charles Scott, great are the facilities for getting to and from Bisley by the South-Western.

Lord Revelstoke,

who died at his town house in Charles Street on Saturday last, had long outlived his financial fame, and during the last few years his name was seldom mentioned. As the head of the great Baring firm, his reputation suffered greatly from the terrible crash which, but for unexpected support from the Bank of England, would have caused widespread ruin. Yet probably Lord Revelstoke (long known as Mr. Edward Charles Baring, Lord Northbrook's cousin) was less to blame in the matter than many imagined. The splendour of his mode of living was unfavourably criticised, because it was thought to proceed from a fortune unfairly won. He was a man of great taste, and his Devon estate was almost regal in style. Even the gates of his park attracted tourists for miles to inspect them, and the house in Charles Street, where he died, was lavishly furnished and decorated. There is no doubt that the loss of social influence caused by the Baring failure—a dire lesson to the over-venturesome in the financial world—preyed upon Lord Revelstoke's mind and hastened his death.

The Hon. John Baring,

a bachelor of thirty-five, will come into the Revelstoke title and what is left of Lord Revelstoke's fortune. The late peer spent so freely that the amount remaining will probably not be large.

Mr. Henry Tate

(the public benefactor portrayed to the life on one of our centre pages) is one of the lions of the week. Quite worthy to be opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was the magnificent new British Art Gallery at Millbank, the splendid gift of Mr. Tate, but not by any means the first present he has in his big-hearted way made to the public. Literally, one of those rare men who do good by stealth and blush to find it fame, Mr. Tate is not easily led to lift the bushel from his shining light. From his friends, however, you may glean that this exceedingly wealthy philanthropist (who accumulated his riches as owner of two large Sugar Refineries in London and in Liverpool, employing some thousand hands) has given away vast sums to hospitals, libraries, and other charities. A great lover and munificent patron of Art, Mr. Tate is appropriately one of the Trustees of the National Gallery. One of the most unostentatious and one of the kindest-hearted of Englishmen, Mr. Tate is blessed with a charmingly genial and sympathetic wife and loving children; and he lives at Park Hill, Streatham Common. It is computed that the noble new Art Gallery and the Art masterpieces he has this week presented to the nation for the public enjoyment are, roughly speaking, worth £200,000. Assuredly so exemplary and so munificent a giver should have been at least offered the honour of a Baronetcy.

Mr. Tate's New National Gallery of British Art

is a decided ornament to the banks of the Thames. It has been built from the admirable designs of Mr. Sidney R. J. Smith, F.R.I.B.A., F.S.I., in Greek classic style on the site of Millbank Prison, close to the Thames in the Grosvenor Road, as indicated in the Sketch by a P.I.P. Artist of the front viewed from the river. By the way, for the public convenience the Thames Conservancy should restore Millbank Pier for the steam-boats to call at. Having had the privilege of inspecting this palatial and handsome new Home of Art on the Press Day, I can honestly praise the beauty of the building, the fine effect of the grand Central Sculpture Hall, and the good lighting of the spacious picture pavilions—due, doubtless, in a great measure to W. E. Rendle and Co.'s patent glazing. Mr. Sidney R. J. Smith, the consummately able architect, has had his plans carried out excellently by the builders, Messrs. Higgin and Hill, and by other eminent firms. Many an old favourite adorns the walls. For example, in the Chantry Request Gallery are to be seen Seymour Lucas's glowing "After Culloden," Brett's azure "Britannia's Realm," D. Milne's "Between Two Fires," La Thangue's poetical "Man with the Scythe,"



THE LATE LORD REVELSTOKE.



Mrs. Gayburd (whose husband is ill from drink): "Well, doctor—tell me the worst."
Doctor Dosem: "Well, Madame—he will recover."

TELLING HER THE WORST.

Big Sale! Photograph of Her Majesty approved by the Queen.—See the "P.I.P." QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE NUMBER.—6d.

Herkomer's infinitely touching "Charterhouse," Orchardson's "Napoleon on Board the 'Belleroophon,'" "Auld Lang Syne," when I was a frequent visitor at Marlborough House—twas when the Vernon Collection of paintings was on view there—was recalled by E. M. Ward's "Dr. Johnson Waiting for an Audience of Lord Chesterfield," MacLise's "Hamlet," Leslie's "Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman" (as roguish in her way as Lottie Collins's "Little Widow"), MacLise's "Malvolio," and other famous pictures. In yet another room one renewed acquaintance with Feith's immortal "Derby Day" and Fred. Walker's sweetly human masterpieces. The most valuable treasures in the Tate Gallery (in which are shown the paintings presented by Mr. Henry Tate himself) are Millais's "North-West Passage," Fildes' "Doctor," Orchardson's "Her Mother's Voice," "The First Lesson," and "The First Tiff," and exquisite examples of the art of Hook, Briton Riviere, Frank Holl, Stanhope Forbes, Peter Graham, and other men of mark. Leighton's "Bath of Psyche," Frank Dicksee's "St. Cecilia," Sir J. E. Poynter's superb "Visit to Escalapius"—and particularly W. Hunt's vivid "Dog in the Manger"—will delight visitors in the adjoining room. I should add that the excellent likeness of Mr. Tate on page 56—a vivid portrait worth preserving—is from the photograph by Miller and Co., 429, Strand, W.C.

The Tonic Sol-Fa Festival.

On Saturday last there was an immense gathering at the Crystal Palace, where Mr. Leonard Venables conducted the Tonic Sol-Fa Concert of five thousand juveniles in splendid voice. He has



FAVOURITE ENTERTAINERS DURING HENLEY REGATTA EVENINGS:
THE "GEISHA" GIRLS CARRIED OFF ALL HONOURS WITH THE
TAKING SONGS OF MARIE TEMPEST AND LETTY LIND.

REVIEW OF THE FIRE BRIGADE ON CLAPHAM COMMON



HOW OUR GALLANT FIREMEN PROVED THEIR METTLE BEFORE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

done so since 1884. Mr. Venables founded the South London Musical Institute. It will be gathered from the P.I.P. Artist's Sketch that tones of a different kind were in demand at the Palace on that hot Saturday, which also saw the continuation of

The Sydenham Tournament.

organised by Mr. Henry Gillman for the Volunteer and Yeomanry in the splendid palace arena. High praise was won by the Honourable Artillery Company's dashing Horse-Battery, and by the smart Herts Yeomanry. Of the Colonials, Trooper

Sexton, New South Wales Lancers, took the Silver Shield, and also distinguished themselves Private Baldwin, South Africa Mounted Rifles; Trooper Sharp, New South Wales Lancers; Private Barnes, Queensland Mounted Infantry; and Private Pacey, Queensland Mounted Infantry. The officers have their innings, and close the Tournament this (Saturday) afternoon.

Commander Wells

and his zealous and efficient Fire Brigade well deserved the hearty praise awarded by the Duke and Duchess of York for the magnificent display at Clapham last Saturday. A P.I.P. Artist was present to sketch the most valuable demonstration of the London Fire Brigade's unsurpassed promptitude in extinguishing conflagrations.

"The Geisha"

not only continues to pursue the even tenor of its way at Daly's (where the quaint melodies of Sidney Jones and the humours of Owen Hall are appreciated as much as ever) but the dulcet, catchy songs of Marie Tempest, Letty Lind, and Haydn Coffin bid fair to be also the rage at the seaside if the example of itinerant "Geisha" minstrels set at Henley Regatta be generally copied. These "Geisha" girls a P.I.P. Artist sketched took the macaroon or teacake, and no mistake, at Henley of an evening when, in the dusk, their illuminated punt glided gently past the merry house-boats, and the delicious melodies of Sidney Jones rose in the night air, followed by "Jack's the Boy for Me" from their robust companion.

Mr. Wyndham and Mary Moore, having the preceding evening closed a triumphant season of "David Garrick," enjoyed the novelty of being in the front last Saturday night to witness the production of a funny new three-act farce, "Four Little Girls," at the "Cri."—a bouquet of beauty I advise you not to miss seeing.

Sir Henry Irving closes the Lyceum on the current Friday night, appearing in "A Story of Waterloo" and in "Madame Sans Gêne" with the still incomparable Ellen Terry. **THE PROMPTER.**

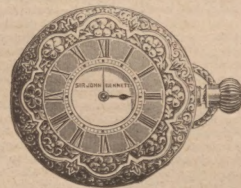
ASTON'S SOVEREIGN EMBROCATION cures Rheumatism, Sprains, Aches, Wounds, Is. 1/6; by post of the Proprietors, 1s. 3d.—ASTON CHEMICAL CO., Birmingham.—[ADVT.]
TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—Atlas Guide (259 pgs.), 3d. Tobaccoists' Outfitting Co., 180, Easton Rd., Ldn. 30 yrs' reputation. Hairdressers fitted. Mgr. H. MYERS.—[ADVT.]



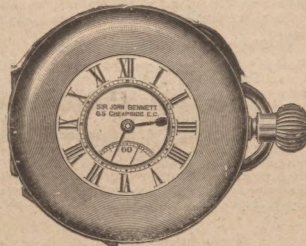
CYCLISTS CARRYING OFF A
WOUNDED COMRADE, AFTER A SKIRMISH.

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£25.—A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 1 PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates, jewelled in thirteen positions. In massive 18-carat case, with monogram richly engraved. Free and safe per post.

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65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

"Threatened Paralysis."

"3, Victoria Street, Newark.

"My indigestion is very much better—in fact, I am almost forgetting that I have a Stomach, and the numbness in my right Leg does not trouble me so much. Last week I walked miles without feeling it at all. "P. W."

"Tongue Less White."

"Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex.

"While taking Guy's Tonic my Indigestion got better. My Tongue was less white, and I was not so much troubled with Wind after Meals. "H. HOWARD COLLIE."

"Suffered Seven Years."

"Tate Schools, Wexford.

"I have received inestimable benefit from Guy's Tonic. The medicine has only to be known to be thoroughly appreciated. I have been subject to Indigestion for seven or eight years, and I have never got any real relief till now. "H. CANNING, Ex. R.W.J."

"Continues to Improve."

"Baker's Hill, Sheffield.

"You will be as glad to know, as I am pleased to write, that I am still continuing gradually to improve, having taken Guy's Tonic regularly. Guy's Tonic is a good antidote for Dyspepsia, and I shall always be pleased to recommend it. "GEORGE B. BINGLEY."

"Splendid Results."

"Blackmote, Kenmare.

"Looking over a paper, my eye caught 'Indigestion.' I then read a man describing his Ailment—Indigestion. Then I got some Guy's Tonic, and can assure you I never dreamt it would have the good effect it had. "SAMUEL MUGAY."

All Chemists and Stores
sell Guy's Tonic.

[ADVT.]

Those "Sands o' Dee!"

If thou wouldst view fair Chester aight,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

ON our way to inspect the broad acres already rescued from the Dee and the immense area yet to be reclaimed—something like nineteen thousand acres!—we cried a halt at Chester, and renewed our acquaintance with the most gloriously picturesque and charming old town it has ever been our happy lot to cast eyes on. To see Chester aight you must see it, as the Wizard of the North has told us we must gaze at Melrose, "by the pale moonlight," for then only do you realise the wondrous beauty of the place. There is nothing in Europe comparable with it. Our American friends made this discovery long ago, and our advice to holiday folk is to follow their example and thoroughly "do" Chester.

Mr. George H. Skelley, of Silverdale, Oxton, near Birkenhead, of whom Mr. Hooley has recently purchased the vast Dee Estate—upwards of 25,000 acres, including some of the most valuable land in the Chester and Liverpool districts—was our cicerone, and to him we are indebted for the facts which form the basis of this

Story of the "Sands o' Dee."

We had jumped to the conclusion that we had come out to see some miles of muddy foreshore, and it was an agreeable surprise to find that our speculations as to the nature of what must be regarded in its entirety as one of the most important enterprises of modern times were entirely erroneous. Before entering upon anything like a detailed description of the country which we visited a few days ago, while the great world was enjoying itself at Hoxley, it is necessary to be to some extent historical. An Act

being made from Chester to Connah's Quay. Thus the river has been restricted into a narrow channel on the Flintshire side of the estuary. It would not cost much to considerably lengthen this channel; indeed, the Dee Conservancy Board have erected a half-tide wall between what is known as the "broken embankment" and a point opposite Flint. One result of this work has been to cause much silting of the



SAUGHALL RAILWAY STATION, BUILT ON RECLAIMED LAND.

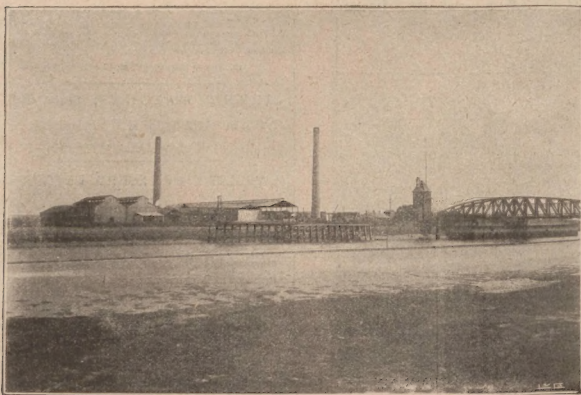
The Dee Estate

comprises (1) upwards of 3000 acres of highly cultivated land through which runs the main road from Chester to Queen's Ferry; (2) more than 1200 acres of marsh land adjoining the railway between Chester and Seacombe, with a frontage of several miles to the Dee and the estuary; and (3) reclamation rights over the above-mentioned estuary and Mostyn Marshes—

using that phrase, of course, in the sense that Tartarin of Tarascon used it in his celebrated descriptions of the Alps of his native Provence, not that these northern parts of the shire are scenically uninteresting, for they are exactly the reverse. The country is well wooded, the roads are perfectly kept, and not a little suggestive of those in many parts of France, with the exception that they are lined by hedges instead of by poplars. For many miles we drive through a tract of country both picturesque and marvelously fertile; indeed, one might wander all over the United Kingdom and not find more luxuriant crops, raised on land which, forty years ago, was covered by the waters and sands of the Dee. At Blacon Point we come to the first farmstead on the estate of the Dee Land Company, and hereabout the barley, oats, and vast fields of potatoes have the healthiest possible appearance, auguring well for

The Great Reclamation Scheme of the Future.

The high lands on our right form a natural boundary, and certainly add to the beauty of the landscape. Fields through which we drive at this point were covered by the waters of the Dee less than one hundred years ago. A wonderful story, indeed, is that of the reclamation of land within the last century. At the first blush it seems incredible that such a transformation could be effected in so comparatively short a period. It has been achieved by degrees, yet it is none the less hard to believe that what are now vast fields, extending over hundreds of acres, covered with the most luxuriant crops that Nature in her most favourable mood is capable of producing, were less than half a century ago as barren as that immense stretch of yellow sand at Parkgate, at West Kirby, and at other points along the Estuary of the Dee. The country



WORKS ON RECLAIMED LAND: MESSRS. SUMMERS' CORRUGATED IRON WORKS, HAWARDEN BRIDGE.



HASSELL'S FARM, SEALANDS.

of Parliament, dated from 1732, and supplemented by subsequent enactments, gave to certain persons powers for reclaiming the Estuary of the Dee—powers at present vested in the Dee Land Company, which undertook to execute, and did execute, at a very great outlay, important works destined to improve the navigation of the river, a new channel

estuaries. As the reader will gather from what follows, no inconsiderable quantity of land has been reclaimed from the Dee and converted into farms; and it is now proposed to reclaim other portions of the area between Connah's Quay and Burton Point on the south side of Hoylake, and Point of Aire on the north side.

And now we must be slightly statistical.

some 19,000 acres of land, most happily placed in the industrial centres between Liverpool, Chester, Wrexham, and the North Wales coal district, linked by rail and water to Manchester and the surrounding district.

This northern part of the county is, for the most part, as flat as other portions are undulating, hilly, and, here and there, mountainous—

between Chester and Hawarden Bridge is a perfect paradise. You get one of the most attractive and charming views from the railway-bridge at Saughall Station, which crosses the line to North Wales. The station itself even is pleasant to look upon, for it is one of those half-timbered structures which make Cheshire unique. A prominent feature of the landscape is that



WEST KIRBY, FROM HILBRE ISLAND.

known as the Heights of Wirral, which overlook what is called the "Peninsula" of the same name. The mountains of North Wales are visible on the other side of the Dee, though a light mist somewhat veils them. Presently we reach the great bridge over the Dee which was recently opened by Mr. Gladstone. Moored close alongside the new structure is the old ferry-boat, a battered hulk indeed. Looking across the river at this point we get a glimpse of Hawarden Castle. Tall masts diversify the picture hereabouts, and less than half a mile distant are the corrugated sheet-iron works of Messrs. Summers, erected within the last two or three years, and now employing some six hundred hands. On the Cheshire side of the river, close to the new Queen's Ferry Bridge, a brand new hotel has arisen, and is apparently within measurable distance of completion. This will be a great boon to tourists, and more especially to the legion of cyclists who scour the level roads which make this part of Cheshire so attractive to votaries of the wheel.

Those who rent farms in this district are specially favoured, inasmuch as, thanks to the proximity of the railway, they can take their produce to Liverpool or Manchester very rapidly. Within a few hundred yards of Queen's Ferry Bridge is what is locally known as "The Marsh," and here again we are confronted by the marvels which have been wrought by means of reclamation schemes. We skirt a barley-field of a hundred acres which not so many years back figured among the unreclaimed land. Not much more than a year ago the sea (for so, by pardonable hyperbole, we may term the waters of the Dee) came up to that part of the land over which we are now threading our way under a scorching sun. We have ocular demonstration of the assertion that

The Finest Crops of All Kinds

have been produced on these reclaimed acres during the first year's cultivation! Milton wrote "Lycidas" in memory of the son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland to Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., who was



QUEEN'S FERRY BRIDGE, OVER THE DEE.

drowned on his passage from Chester to Ireland. It is evident that many of the vessels plying between Dublin and Parkgate would most assuredly never have been classed "A 1" at Lloyd's, for marine tragedies were lamentably frequent. John Wesley, we are told, crossed from Dublin to Parkgate, and vice versa, several times, and the versatile Charles Matthews assured his friend John Litchfield that he found it "a remarkably tedious passage" from Parkgate to Dublin, a trip, by the way, which cost the modest price of six shillings. Mrs. Gamlin assures us that there is still all at, trading between Liverpool and Dublin, one of the old mail-boats which sailed between Dublin and Parkgate.

From Parkgate we gaze over a broad expanse of water and

Thousands of Acres of Land Waiting to be Reclaimed.

and it is quite on the cards that at some not very distant period the former glories of Parkgate may be revived.

It is perfectly natural that our cicero should ask us our opinion of the air, if only because, if we understand this imposing scheme thoroughly, the idea is to make of West Kirby, Hoylake, and Hilbre Island a seaside resort which shall attract visitors from near and far. The reader must remember that these places are within half-an-hour's train ride from Liverpool, and almost equally easy of access from Manchester. "Locally," says our mentor, "we tap a population of five millions, a sufficient clientele, apart from the hundreds of thousands of people who invariably find 'distance lends enchantment to the view.'" For this sort of development much of the immense area forming a portion of the Dee Land Estate is eminently suitable. You find all the elements of the picturesque—a Nature-picture of marvellous beauty. So soft yet invigorating is the air at West Kirby and thereabouts that it well deserves the title of

"A Second Mentone."

The long ridge of hills at the back acts as a barricade to the winds when they are released from their durance by Boreas.

Dotted all over the great ridge are villas and mansions, tenanted by the commercial magnates of Liverpool, Birkenhead, and Manchester. Mr. Ismay's palatial residence at Dawpool is a prominent feature of the landscape, its red-tiled roof being visible for many a mile.

It appears that it is the immediate intention of those connected with the Dee Estate to reclaim further portions of the great unreclaimed area which lies between Connah's Quay and Burton Point on the southern side, and between Hoylake and Point of Acre on the northern side. What are styled the East and West Estuary Districts, running from the embankment erected in 1871 to Hilbre Island, comprise reclamation rights over an area of nearly 20,000 acres. The estuaries which it is proposed to reclaim are bordered on the north by the Wirral Peninsula, a district which has been greatly

Sought After for Residential Purposes

since the opening of the Mersey Tunnel Railway some ten years ago. The extent of the property at Hoylake and West Kirby which it is intended to reclaim is about 1200 acres, facing the Irish Channel, being at the north of the Dee and having the Welsh mountains facing it. Parkgate, Heswall, and Neston were seaport towns of some importance until comparatively recent years. The estuaries have, however, silted up so rapidly that those places are now practically all inland.

Supposing the reclamation scheme is carried out, as there is no doubt it will be, the waterway on the Wirral side will be reserved, the water taken off the high lands, the waterway continued seaward, and the flow of fresh water towards the Dee will prevent the silting up of the channel. Naturally this would all be of the utmost commercial value to Parkgate, Heswall, and Neston, and would greatly tend to popularise the whole enterprise, for it would mean nothing less than the reclamation of 15,000 acres, giving the Parkgate shore a river frontage of three miles, a sea frontage to the west, near Hilbre, likewise of three miles, and a frontage to the Dee of ten miles. Such a scheme could not fail to be

favourably regarded by the Dee Conservancy Board, a body which, largely owing to the influence exercised by the Duke of Westminster, its chairman, has materially improved the navigation of the Dee by constructing a training wall from Connah's Quay towards Mostyn, reaching Flint. So much has the narrowing of the channel improved the navigation that vessels of considerable tonnage can now get to Chester.

If the scheme here briefly outlined were sufficiently comprehensive, the Dee could be canalised from Mostyn to Chester by the construction of dock gates at the former place, which would form a wet dock for the manufacturing works on the Flintshire coast, extending from Chester to Mostyn, a distance of nineteen miles. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that, although there are many manufactories of much importance along this coast, there has not been up to now a wet dock on the river Dee.

Mostyn Dock, and the shipbuilding yard and land for docks at Connah's Quay, will, it is understood, be included in the sale to

The Company now in Process of Formation.

Both these properties are capable of very considerable extension. There is a daily steamer running between Liverpool and Mostyn, carrying passengers and produce. Mostyn boasts iron-works, copper-works, etc. The Connah's Quay property consists of about five acres, used chiefly as a shipbuilding yard; it is, however, proposed to construct docks on the company's land adjoining. This can be effected at a moderate cost, and will meet the demands of this rising district, which is in close proximity to the Dee, and also to the London and North-Western Railway. Then there is the Boot Rock at Connah's Quay, consisting of a valuable stone quarry; and there are also twenty-five acres and twenty houses. These are by no means unimportant items of

The Great Scheme.

which, as a whole, may be regarded as one for extending the national limits by reclaiming thousands of acres and converting them to more useful and profitable purposes than they could possibly serve as "the Sands of Dee."

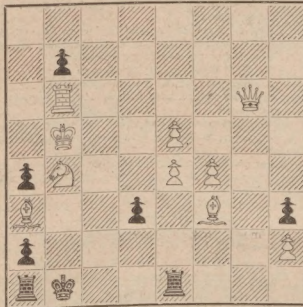
CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY I. GUNSBURG.

We are much obliged to Dr. Sainsbury, who points out that in Problem No. 177, 1. Q to Q 8th is effectively met by B P takes P. The proper solution is 1. B to B 7th, then Q, B, or Kt mates accordingly.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 179.—By EUGENE HENRY.
1. Kt to Q B 2nd B to B 4th 2. Q takes B Mate.
1. " Kt to B 4th 2. Kt to Kt 4th
1. " P takes P 2. Kt to B 6th
1. " B to K 5th 2. P takes B " etc.

PROBLEM No. 180.—By E. B. SCHWANN.
BLACK (Eight Pieces).



WHITE (Ten Pieces).

White to play, and mate in three moves.

A LIVELY VIENNA OPENING.

We append the following lively game played in a recent match between the Shuttlesworth Club and the Canterbury Chess Club, on the occasion of the visit of the latter to Canterbury during the cricket festival. The game has many interesting points; for instance, White played P to Q 4th on his 6th move, an apparently useless move, but it is curious to note how this advanced Pawn later on actually threatened a mating position. Black was not wise actually to play Q to K 3rd in this opening; it only shuts in his K B, and P to Q 3rd was also not the best way to defend this opening; P to Q 4th at once is better in the Gambit declined. White continuing with P takes K P initiated a complicated series of exchanges, of which he had evidently calculated his chances with good judgment. Q to B 4th (ch) looked very tempting for Black, but it was fruitless. As will be seen, White played very well, and forcing the adverse King to B 3rd, he threatened a curious mate by R to B 7th (ch) in the event of Black trying to extricate his Queen; it was then Black resigned.

WHITE (Harold Jacobs). BLACK (Harold Jacobs).
1. P to K 4th 11. P takes Kt Q to B 4th (ch)
2. Kt to Q B 3rd 12. P to Q 4th Q takes Kt
3. P to B 4th 13. Kt takes B Q to Kt 5th
4. Kt to B 3rd 14. P takes Q P takes Q
5. B to B 4th 15. P to B 3rd Q to Q 3rd
6. P to Q 3rd 16. Q to K 1st (ch) K to Q 2nd
7. Castle 17. P to K 3rd B takes P
8. P to Q 4th 18. K takes P (ch) K to B 3rd
9. B to B 2nd 19. B to B 4th Q to K 1st
10. P takes K P 20. Q to K 3rd Resigns

DRAUGHTS.

N. S. N. and F. J. M.—Your contributions received with thanks.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 136.—By W. H. BEVAN.

Black: 6, 17, 19, 22, 24, 15x, 22x.

White: 8, 14, 21, 23, 30, 31, 4x.

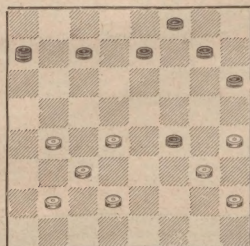
Black to move, and win.

6-10	21 14	31 24	30 10	23 15
11-7	24-27	22-20	28-17	15-11
12-18				B. wins.

PROBLEM No. 137.

By Privates REBTON and WATKINS
("The Queen's," India).

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move, and win.

GAME No. 100.

Played by correspondence between Messrs. J. HOBBS (Black) and C. TUNGS (White).

The "Paisley" ("C") Mr. Horn's move.			
11-16	2-7	16-20	7-10
24 19*	19 15	24 15	28 24
8-11	10-19	11-16	10-28
22 18	27 24	21 17	27 23
4-8	7-10	14-21	10-19
25 22	24 15	32 27	23 16
10-14	16-19	16-19	8-12
22 17	31 27	23 16	16 11
7-10	3-7	12-19	28-32
17 13	27 24	22 25	35 22

They talk about a woman's sphere

As though it had a limit.
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life, a death, a birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth
Without a woman in it!

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greenness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SALUBRITY HAIR RESTORER, which drenches to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

Bosnind's London Fashions.



ENLEY REGATTA

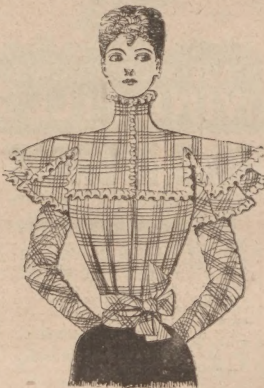
was a feast of cool colours. White was the main wear. Sailor hats were in evidence, especially chalk-white with white costumes; but there were also many number of picture-hats in drawn white chiffon and mousseline-de-soie. Fig. 1 shows a white embroidery hat. The trim is formed by one broad full frill of Swiss flouncing attached to a low crown of the same.

This is circled by bands of black ribbon velvet, which tie



New White Embroidery Hat.

two high, upright, black ostrich tips in the front. The white canvas and kid shoes in vogue were generally worn.



The New Tartan Plaid Blouse.

In Fig. 2 you have a stylish model in Tartan plaid silk. The cape collar, sleeve epaulettes, and wrists, are edged by a narrow frill of white lace. The sleeves are ruffled or wrinkled.

The Seaside Season has come round again, rendering it necessary to look out a becoming bathing costume. In Fig. 3 I show one of the newest models. It is of red serge, made with knicker and jacket separate. The former are very full and overlapping the band they are gathered into, which can be above or below the knee as preferred. The jacket is gathered fully into the square-cut neck, which, with the sleeves, is bordered with a band of white serge, the waist-band being of the same. The jacket, it will be noticed, is made without opening, excepting a short one from the centre of the square neck, sufficient to allow of it being passed easily over the head.

White "duck" is being used for the white suits so much the rage this summer, as well as pique. Both, especially the duck, require most careful getting-up when washed, and a bad handmaiden will render your suit unwearable the first time of washing. There is no more charming attire, we think, for women in summer than washing-gowns, but their simplicity of material is a mask of deception for expense in washing.

THE NEWEST BATHING SUIT.

CADBURY'S COCOA is guaranteed to be absolutely pure, and is therefore the Best COCOA. It is at once a refreshing, stimulating drink, and a nutritious food, containing no foreign substances, such as malt, hops, &c. The fact cannot be too strongly impressed, that COCOA must be pure and unadulterated to ensure its fullest beneficial effects as a beverage and a food. The Family Doctor says: "CADBURY'S COCOA is light, refreshing, and invigorating to the jaded mind and body, delicious to the palate, absolutely unadulterated, and free from alkalies."—[ADVT.]

Neave's Food

BEST & CHEAPEST.

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS,
CHILDREN, & THE AGED.

"Admirably adapted to the wants
of Infants."—SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
In 1-lb. Patent Air-Tight Tins, 1s. each.



**PAGE WOODCOCK'S
WIND PILLS**
MR. S. MORRIS
Writes from 17, Fairmead Road, London,
N.—I suffered severely from
INDIGESTION,
Nervousness, and Palpitation of the
Heart. I saw your advertisement in
PEARSON'S WEEKLY, and decided to give
your WIND PILLS a trial. They have
completely cured me, and out of my
gratitude to you I shall recommend them
to all similar sufferers. You may publish
my name and address.

All sufferers from Indigestion,
Liver Complaints, Wind on the
Stomach, Sick Headache, Nervous
Debility, Biliousness, &c., should
avail themselves of this most excellent
medicine.

The WIND PILLS, being purely Vegeta-
ble, Tasteless, and Mild and Tonic in
their action, may be taken with perfect
safety by the most delicate of either sex.

All Vendors, 1/12 & 2/3. Post Free for
Price from PAGE WOODCOCK, Lincoln.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER.

THE following Letter from the Queen has been
received by the Right Hon. the Secretary of State
for the Home Department—

Windsor Castle, July 15, 1897.

I have frequently expressed my personal feelings to my
people, and though on this memorable occasion there have
been many official expressions of my deep sense of the
unbounded loyalty evinced, I cannot rest satisfied without
personally giving utterance to these sentiments.

It is indeed deeply gratifying after so many years of
labour and anxiety for the good of my beloved Country to
find that my exertions have been appreciated throughout my
vast Empire.

In weal and woe I have ever had the true sympathy of
all my people, which has been warmly reciprocated by
myself.

It has given me unbounded pleasure to see so many of
my subjects from all parts of the world assembled here,
and to find them joining in the acclamations of loyal
devotion to myself, and I would wish to thank them all
from the depth of my grateful heart.

I shall ever pray God to bless them, and to enable me
still to discharge my duties for their welfare as long as life
lasts.

VICTORIA, R.I.

Her Majesty has Set Another Good Example
to Her Subjects by Hieing to the Seaside.
Osborne House, to which the Queen and Court removed
from Windsor on Tuesday, is famed by the sea breezes of
the Solent, and is hard by Cowes, of which the fleet of
beautiful racing yachts is gathering for the forthcoming
Royal Regatta.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, who have
done all in their power to represent the Queen at
the numerous Palace functions, which would have been
too tiring for Her Majesty to perform, have not slack-
ened their zeal, though the fashionable London Season
is fast expiring. The Prince sought some relaxation
in a Saturday-to-Monday visit to Epswell Park; and
the Princess in a brief flight to Sandringham. Monday
saw "R.H.H." agreeable as ever, in social harness again.
In the morning the Prince was admitted at Marl-
borough House to the Honorary Fellowship of the Royal
College of Physicians of London, to which he was recently
elected in comita of the College. The Grand Duke and
Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (it was the birth-
day of the Grand Duchess, who is the sister of the Duke
of Teck, Prince Francis and Prince Alexander of
Teck and Princess Adolphus of Teck, lunched with the
Prince and Princess of Wales. The Prince and Princess,
accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of York, were
afterwards present at a garden-party given by the
Bishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Tennant at Lambeth Palace.
The Prince of Wales, acting on behalf of the Queen, later
in the week received from a deputation of the National
Council of the Evangelical Free Churches at St. James's
Palace an address of congratulation on the Queen's long and
glorious reign.

The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., dined with the
Queen at Windsor Castle last Sunday.

The Troubled State of Foreign Affairs was
reflected in the House of Commons last Monday.

Mr. Curzon's calm statement
regarding the Behring Sea
Fisheries contrasted fa-
vourably with the ac-
crued tone of Senator
Sherman's paper on the
question, which may be
ascribed to the intense heat
in America, and which has
brought down upon the
American Minister sharp
rebukes from the chief
New York papers, includ-
ing the New York Times
and the New York Herald.
This is one of those ticklish
points which need cool
and calm discussion on
both sides—not an im-
patient, *ex parte* declaration
such as Senator Sherman
has been guilty of. Senator
John Sherman is a brother
of the famous General
W. T. Sherman, who was
one of the victors of the
Federal Army. The Senator
is a princely dressed, some-
what frosty personage, who
has never succeeded in doing anything but pass the Sherman
Act—not exactly a success even from his promoters' point
of view. He is, of course, a Republican, and when Mr.
McKinley came in he appointed the Senator Secretary of
State, a post held previously by similarly acrimonious
Mr. Rice and Olney. It is fortunate that the United States
Government has had in Mr. Bayard and Colonel John Hay
a much higher and common-sense type of statesman than
either Mr. Olney or Mr. Sherman.

Senator Sherman.



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S REVIEW OF THE CHURCH LADS' BRIGADE
IN HYDE PARK: THE YOUNG VOLUNTEERS LEAVING KNIGHTSBRIDGE
BARRACKS AFTER BEING ENTERTAINED TO TEA.

The Debate on the South Africa Committee
Report, promised by Mr. Balfour, will clear the air
somewhat; but it will be difficult for Mr. Balfour to
reconcile his too zealous defence of Mr. Cecil Rhodes's
promotion of the Jameson Raid with the decision of the
House of Commons Committee. "Surtout, point de zèle!"

The Negotiations Between Turkey and
Greece proceed slowly, in accordance with the diplomatic
fashion of the Porte. Tewfik Pasha presented to the
Ambassadors on Saturday the draft of a treaty of peace,
proposing the Salambria-Kongri frontier and a war indemnity
of £4,500,000, and again demanding abolition of the
capitulations.

Sir Henry Kitchener, the Sirdar, is busily
engaged at Merowah arranging for the transport of the
river craft over the cataracts. Spies confirm the news that
Abu Hamed has virtually been evacuated, and it is highly
probable that it will be occupied without opposition.

The Count of Turin, Nephew of King
Humber, having ascertained that the statements
recently made by Prince Henry of Orleans with regard
to the Italian prisoners in Abyssinia were slanderous,
telegraphed to Prince Henry demanding satisfaction. It
is declared that the Count of Turin will allow no one to
have precedence over his demand for reparation in this
affair.

Colchester has Subscribed £369 to the
Mansion House Fund for the relief of the sufferers from the
terrible hailstorm in Essex.

The Colonial Premiers, or a good representative
group of them, had a jolly time of it in Paris, and spoke
warmly in praise of the Queen's hearty reception of them.
The Right Hon. G. H. Reid, Premier of New South Wales,
concluded his visit to London on Tuesday, and left for Port
Sunlight, where he opened the Victoria Bridge on behalf of
Messrs. Lever Brothers. Later, Mr. Reid embarked on the
Ayrshire for home, travelling under the name Mr. G. C.
Kington, before his departure for home, will make a tour
in Ireland. Sir John and Lady Forrest and Mr. and Mrs.
Seddon left London on Friday on the conclusion of their
visit.

Herr Andree Started from Spitzbergen on
His Balloon Voyage to the North Pole on
Sunday, July 11. Herr Andree is a Swede, about forty-
three years of age. By profession he is an engineer, but up
till lately occupied a post in the Patent Office in Sweden.
Upwards of twenty years have passed since the idea of a
balloon voyage to the Pole first suggested itself to him, and
which was impressed with the regularity with which the
trade winds blow certain seasons of the year. For the
great journey about £7000 was needed. M. Alfred Nobel, the



HERR ANDREE, THE POLAR BALLOONIST.

Inventor of dynamite, who recently died, gave him £3460;
King Oscar added £1730; while Baron Oscar Dickson, a
wealthy Swede deeply interested in Arctic exploration, con-
tributed a similar sum. The balloon in which Herr Andree
made his first ascent was 75 ft. high, or 97 ft. from the cap

to the bottom of the car, and cost £2000, and it is this air-
ship which with enlargement he used in his latest attempt.
It is made of three thicknesses of silk as to the upper part,



AT SPITZBERGEN.

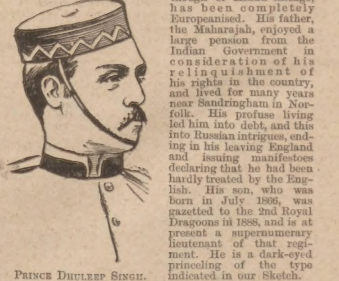
and two thicknesses as to the lower, the whole being
fastened together with varnish, which is also applied to the
surface. To the bearing-ring which supports the car was
attached a steering apparatus, devised by Herr Andree
himself. A very full equipment of provisions was taken,
together with a splendid outfit of scientific instruments
for meteorological observations and for determining the
position of the balloon.

A Wooden House, for sheltering the aërostat
during initiation, built by Andree at Godthaug at a
cost of £1000, was transported to Spitzbergen in pieces, and
re-erected there. After the failure of his attempt last
year Andree returned this summer and enlarged the balloon-
house, shown in our Sketch, this being rendered necessary
by the greater capacity of his balloon. Virgohafen, his
starting-point, was selected owing to the advice of an
Englishman who had dwelt in a wooden hut there while on
hunting expeditions. It is 617 miles from this spot to the
North Pole, and the distance from the Pole to the nearest
known continent on the other side is about 1200 miles more,
so that Andree's minimum journey would be 1800 miles to
reach his goal.

The Ascent of Andree's Balloon from Spitz-
bergen on July 11, the intrepid explorer being accom-
panied by his friends Strindberg and Franckel, was vividly
described by the Daily News Berlin Correspondent:
"Climbing the car, the three severed the thin ropes
holding them, Andree counting one, two, three. At three
the last cord binding them to the floor of the tower fell
away. Proudly and majestically the balloon rose, passing
directly through the open northern portion of its former
dwelling. Andree gazed with happy confidence on those
who remained behind, and then he and his comrades
waving their caps, he cried out, 'Greetings at home to
Sweden!' Those who had a photographic apparatus took
yet another snap-shot. Running to the shore, we all saw the
balloon floating some 150 ft. over the water. A moment of
intense anxiety followed, for the balloon was driving right
on to a jutting prominence of rock on the east side of
Smønstubbundet, and threatened to collide with it. Suddenly,
however, a gust of wind coming through the Sound from the south-east sent the air-vessel back to sea in
a north-westerly direction, and struck it so strongly above
that for some seconds the car was trailing along the water.
A few minutes only had passed since the time (exactly
thirty-five minutes after two) at which the start was made,
and the balloon was now seen moving eagerly as Andree
had wished, over the flat peninsula Høllendæsen towards the
North."

Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes Races.—The
arrangements of the London, Brighton, and South Coast
Railway Company, including the running of special trains
for the convenience of their patrons during the Sussex
fortnight, commencing July 26, are now completed; and
for the Goodwood Meeting special arrangements have been
made by the railway company, assisted by the Duke of
Richmond and Gordon, and also by the Brighton and
Worthing Corporations, for the watering of the roads
between the Drayton and Chichester stations and Goodwood
Park.

Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh, Who is to
Marry Lady Anne Coventry, daughter of the
Master of the Buckhounds, though of Hindu lineage,
has been completely Europeanised. His father, the
Maharajah, enjoyed a large pension from the
Indian Government, and a consideration of his
relinquishment of his rights in the country, and
lived for many years near Sandringham in Nor-
folk. His profuse living led him into debt, and this
into Russian intrigues, ending in his leaving England
and issuing manifestoes declaring that he had been
hardly treated by the English. His son, who was
born in July 1896, was gazetted to the 2nd Royal
Dragoons in 1888, and is at present a supernumerary
lieutenant of that regiment. He is a dark-eyed
princeling of the type indicated in our sketch.



PRINCE DHULEEP SINGH.

The Church Lads' Brigade proved admirably
efficient as General the Duke of Connaught reviewed these
youthful Volunteers in Hyde Park on July 14. The 3000
well-set-up lads were formed into a division consisting of
two brigades. The first brigade, commanded by Major F.
Lloyd, Grenadier Guards, was formed by the Rochester
Diocesan Regiment, composed of eight battalions drawn
from Lewisham and district, Camberwell and district,
Peckham and district, Tooting, Streatham and district,
Southwark and district, Clapham, Brixton, and Battersea
district, Croydon and district, and the district of Barnes
Putney, Kingston, and Surbiton district. The second
brigade, commanded by Major Hon. A. H. Hemmiker,
Coldstream Guards, consisted of detachments from the
Canterbury, St. Albans, Salisbury, Chichester, Winchester,
Oxford, and Ely Regiments. Major-General Lord Methuen
was the General Commanding. Colonel Mackintosh com-
manded the parade, and Mr. W. M. Gee acted as Chief
Staff Officer. Though only established in 1891, the brigade
is at work in all the English and Welsh, and in the Scotch
and seven Irish dioceses, and the following Colonies:
Newfoundland, Canada (including British Columbia),
Jamaica, British Honduras, Trinidad, St. Kitt's, St. Helena,
South Africa, and Australia. The total number of com-
panies is 288. The lads, wearing their caps, waistbelts,
and haversacks, and carrying dummy rifles, assembled in

YES!
One and all maintain
that for an ideal after-
noon tea you must
have
DULCEMONA TEA
It is Refreshing, it has a
Delightful Flavour, and
has been Awarded
Two Gold Medals for
Excellence. It
HAS NO EQUAL
either for its uniform
quality or for its great
popularity in the homes
of all classes. Sold by all
Grocers at 1/6 to 3/- per lb.

Wholesale: DULCEMONA TEA CO.,
11, 11a, & 12, Upper Thames St., London, E.C.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

AFTERMATH OF HENLEY.

HENLEY REGATTA, so happily concluded on Friday in last week, came quite up to the great expectations of even the most sanguine. The weather was brilliant throughout. This is tantamount to

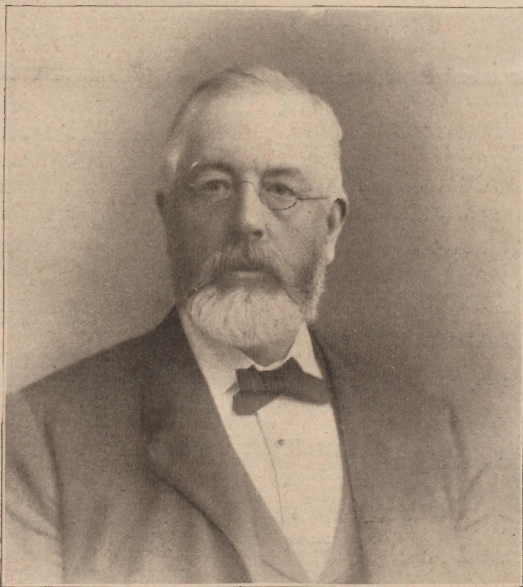


Photo by R. W. Thomas, 41, Chancery Lane.
SHREWSBURY.
See "The World of Pastime."



SANDOWN PARK ON THE ECLIPSE STAKES DAY: FASHION IN THE RESERVED ENCLOSURE.

See "Hedlago," Page 55.



MR. HENRY TATE, J.P.,
DONOR TO THE NATION OF THE NEW BRITISH ART GALLERIES IN LONDON.

saying that the scene was indescribably grand. The greater part of the racing was sufficiently exciting to create enthusiasm on the part of even the most languid of the picnic section; and but for the trouble and confusion occasionally brought about by those who never seem able to understand that to have satisfactory racing the course must be kept clear, success would have been unqualified. There are a few—thank goodness, only a few!—who by their conduct seem to think that Henley is annually promoted in order that they may give proof of their selfishness and vulgarity. They cannot prevent the Royal Regatta being a thing of beauty to all, but they may mar the enjoyment of a good many. Those who witnessed the latter portion of the final heat of

The Grand Challenge Cup will not soon forget it. Leander held a slight advantage for the greater part of the race, but from just above the Isthmian Club enclosure the

New College (Oxford)

crew spurted so well and sustainedly that they won by a couple of feet, in 6 min. 51 sec., thus equalling the record made by Leander in 1891.

For the Stewards' Cup (Fours)

the same clubs met in the final, and this time Leander proved successful in the record time of 7 min. 30 sec.

Kingston

and Christ Church B.C., Oxford, gave us a fine race for the Thames Cup, the former winning, as



MR. HENRY TATE'S GIFT TO THE NATION: THE NEW ART GALLERY AT MILLBANK, OPENED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
See "Talk of London."



Photo by R. W. Thomas, 41, Chancery Lane.
WAINWRIGHT,
Who made his Century for Yorkshire last week.
See "The World of Pastime."

they did also in the Wyfold Cup final, beating Jesus College, Cambridge. The latter club had to acknowledge defeat in the Visitors' Challenge Cup final, their vanquishers being Trinity College, Oxford. Eton College and Emmanuel, Cambridge, made a splendid race of it in the final for the Ladies' Challenge Plate, the Etonians winning by half a length in the record time of 7 min. 14.5 sec. In the ninth heat of

The Diamond Sculls.

a win was scored by H. T. Blackstaffe in the record time of 8 min. 34 sec., and there were large numbers who hoped this was a good omen. Blackstaffe had to meet the American, E. H. Ten Eyck, in the final, and he rowed with great pluck; but the hope of his victory lived not for long, and he was eventually beaten by the sculler from Worcester, U.S.A. A charge of having offended against the laws governing the rowing at Henley had been considered by the committee, and

Ten Eyck

somewhat narrowly escaped disqualification. His victory was received in silence.

Cricket Extraordinary.

It is not often that July has given us such a succession of dry days and fast wickets as we have experienced since the seventh month set in. Nearly all grounds have

"THE LITTLE WIDOW"
IN COAST.



MISS LOTTIE COLLINS
SKETCHED IN AND OUT OF COURT.
See "How the World Wags."

deserved the epithet "batman's paradise," and in consequence we have had some wonderful scoring. Last week in this respect the phenomenal stage may be said to have been reached. Certainly this was so in one case, for against

Sussex bowlers, J. T. Brown and Tunncliffe, going in first for Yorkshire, obtained no fewer than 378 before they were separated. This constitutes a

Record for First-Wicket Partnership in first-class cricket, beating that of Messrs. H. T. Hewitt and L. C. H. Palairet for Somerset against Yorkshire by 32. The accomplishment of this feat was intensely gratifying to Yorkshire, as may be supposed. Brown made 311, which is the biggest thing ever done by a Yorkshireman for his county. Tunncliffe's score was 147, the highest and best he has ever made. Besides these,



J. T. BROWN (311) AND TUNNICLIFFE (147),
Who made such a grand stand for Yorkshire against Sussex at Sheffield.
Photos by R. W. Thomas, 41, Cheapside.



THE CHIEF PRIZE-WINNERS AT HENLEY REGATTA: THE LADIES.

Wainwright put together 101, and for the five wickets they lost, the "county of acres" obtained no fewer than 681 runs.

Shrewsbury—

"our Arthur," as poor old Scotland used to say—was one of those who distinguished themselves last week, making 125 for the Players against the Gentlemen at Lord's in his very best style, and we give his portrait, together with those of the three cricketers previously mentioned. Others who scored the third figure were

Tyldesley (174)—

his third hundred in succession—for Lancashire against Sussex;

Mr. G. S. Patterson (162), and Mr. A. M. Wood (100),

for the Philadelphians against Nottingham, with whom they drew;

Mr. A. S. C. Glover (115), and Diver (111), for Warwickshire against Leicestershire;

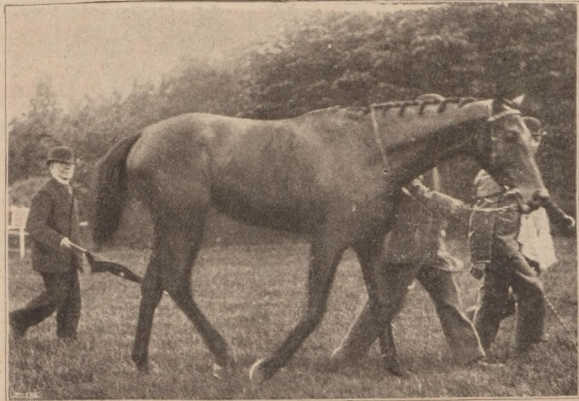
Mr. F. Perrin's 153, for Essex against Warwickshire, who were beaten by an innings and 49 runs;

Mr. J. R. Mason's 183, for Kent against Somerset, who suffered defeat by 213 runs;

Mr. George Brann's 107, in the drawn match between Sussex and Lancashire; Wainwright, already in the list, 103 against Nottingham, whose defeat was saved by a fine display on the part of Gunn, who would in all probability have got the third figure had there been time;

Mr. W. G. Grace (113), and Mr. G. L. Jessop (101), for Gloucestershire against the Philadelphians, whose batting in the second

innings, though begun well, broke down so badly that eight wickets fell for 17 runs, and the county won by an innings and 29 runs. Just one more reference to last week's cricket and I have done with it.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PERSIMMON,
WINNER OF LAST YEAR'S DERBY AND THIS YEAR'S ECLIPSE STAKES
AT SANDOWN PARK.

See "Raiding," Page 55.

Surrey Easily Beat Middlesex

at Lord's, and this result was not due so much to the batting of Hayward (82), Mr. K. T. Key (70), Holland (70), and Abel (62)—though these contributions helped materially to give Surrey a fine total of 324—as to the bowling of Richardson, who captured in all thirteen wickets for 122 runs on a pitch distinctly favourable to the batsmen. One of the first to congratulate Richardson was Surrey's old favourite, George Lohmann, who has declared that—for the present, at any rate—he will have nothing to do with first-class cricket. Lohmann is, I sincerely hope, thoroughly restored to health; but whether this be so or not I cannot help thinking that the illness which interrupted a career of such brilliancy has left a trace of sourness. It may be that I am not sufficiently behind the scenes, but it is difficult for me to reconcile some recent things in association with the famous cricketer in whose company I have spent so many pleasant moments.

Cricket Early in the Week.

Loyalty to cricket and cricketers has ever been one of the characteristics of Yorkshiremen. David Hunter, the county's famous wicket-keeper, might have taken his benefit in the Jubilee week, when the county's match with Surrey, at Leeds, yielded gate-money to the extent of £180, but he preferred the Lancashire match fixed for Bradford. Evidently the public felt that there should be no disappointment for Hunter, as they assembled in such great numbers that something like £500 was the sum realised from admissions; and besides this, £23 12s. 3d. was collected on the ground. Looking to the score simply, it would appear that Yorkshire played up grandly for their wicket-keeper; but Lancashire were guilty of missing at least half-a-dozen catches. The total reached for nine wickets was 323, of which Moorhouse made 69. At Southampton there was a little rain on a hard wicket, and it was thought that this helped the bowling to some extent. At any rate, Surrey made a poor show against the Hampshire bowlers, the highest score being Holland's 25. Hoeselme and Steele bowled with marked success, and their efforts were backed up by excellent wicket-keeping and splendid all-round fielding; that is to say, catches were accepted and the ball was stopped and returned in particularly smart manner. Monday's work of the Hampshire eleven was indeed praiseworthy.

Derbyshire Made a Fine Start

against Essex, the third figure (112) being gained by Mr. S. H. Evershed, and excellent scores made by Davidson (not out, 80), W. Sugg (81), and Bagshaw (61). For the loss of

six wickets were scored. The bowling of Lord, Crosswell, and Pallett was the chief feature of the cricket at Edgbaston, where Warwickshire got rid of Gloucestershire for 152, and then put together 104 for three wickets. W. Quaise getting just over half the number scored without losing his wicket. Little progress was made with the Somerset v. Philadelphia match, rain putting a stop to play when the county had scored 78 for two wickets.

The Metropolitan Amateur Regatta

took place between Putney and Mortlake last Monday, and the London R.C. representatives were successful in three events—C. R. R. Thorne winning the Junior Sculls, H. W. Stout the Junior Senior Sculls, and A. S. Little's crew the Thames Cup. The Metropolitan Champion Cup was won by Kingston, and H. T. Blackledge, beaten at Henley by Ten Eyck, proved easily victorious in the Senior Sculls.

Reading Athletic Meeting.

This was undoubtedly the chief of the sports held within easy reach of London on Saturday, and as the weather, except for a shower, was just the kind desired, everything went off most pleasantly and satisfactorily. There was a very large attendance, the many events were well supported, and the management was, as usual, first rate. The win of C. Pearce in the 1000-yards race for the championship of Berks, Bucks, and Oxon was one of the most popular of the afternoon, and the victory of W. J. Sturgess in the two-miles walk gave evident satisfaction to large numbers, but I think the judges were too lenient with him. The caution he received should have been given him earlier in the race than a mile and three-quarters. C. R. Thomas, the Oxford University sprinter, was at scratch in the local hundred, but he was just beaten in the first heat. J. R. Thomas won the 200-yards championship of Reading, and

record time of 1 hour 6 min. 35 sec. A feature of the race was the way in which Green, after being apparently done with cramp in the stomach, was brought round with a little stimulant. So considerable was the change that Green gained on the Australian to the end, and was beaten by 12 sec. only in a race which at one time looked like being carried off with the greatest ease by the Australian. Cavill, who, like his plucky rival, also suffered from cramp, was vociferously cheered.

N.C.U. Championships.

Four championships were decided at Aston Lower Grounds, Birmingham, on Saturday, and the meeting proved one of the best ever held. There was brilliant weather, and 30,000 people witnessed racing between the best of exponents. The mile amateur championship was won by T. Summersgill, of Leeds; the five-miles by E. H. Ainsworth, Anglo-Irish C.C. The professional events were quarter and mile, both won by F. W. Chinn, M.C.A.C. On the same afternoon, at the Crystal Palace, the Cadwaller Cup Race was competed for under the auspices of the Amateur R.C. and won by A. H. Harris, who covered the distance (100 miles) in 3 h. 44 min. 15.2-5 sec.

Miss C. Cooper and Mr. H. L. Doherty are respectively lady and gentleman lawn-tennis champions of London. It is pretty safe to assert that three days will in future be devoted to the Eton and Harrow cricket-match. Such strong support as the suggestion of the Head Master of Harrow has received must carry a tremendous amount of weight. It practically rests with the Eton Head Master to give his consent.

Many Readers

write complaining of the difficulty of getting their Penny



J. P. Reading the mile bicycle championship of the biscuit town. A charming lady distributed the prizes, and Mr. W. Howard Palmer, one of the heads of the great biscuit manufactory, was, as usual, at his post, with a pleasant word and genial smile for everyone. The Polytechnic Harriers held a pleasant meeting at Wembley Park, and a more ambitious affair on the Thames Ironworks Ground met with success, though in some matters there was room for improvement.

The Long-Distance Amateur Swimming Championship

was productive of a fine race between Percy Cavill, champion of Australia, and A. A. Green, of the Otter S.C. There were many other competitors, but these two had the race practically to themselves. For some distance the Otter man led the way, followed by Cavill, who, along Chiswick Eyot (the course was from Kew Railway Bridge to Putney Bridge) assumed the command, and eventually won in the



Party at the Door: "Is the lady of the house in?" Cook: "Oh! 'm wan av thim, Sore."

AN UP-TO-DATE COOK.

Illustrated Paper at the week end. Well, the public demand for the P.I.P. has been so exceptionally great lately that the Editor informs me it has run out of print frequently. The best remedy is to give your newsagents a standing order to deliver the P.I.P. regularly every Friday morning, or to post it to you when you go for your holidays; or send 6d. Road Note to Mr. Henry James Taylor, our Publisher, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and thus have the P.I.P. posted to you from the office for a twelvemonth. BANSHEE.

WARNINGS TO LADY CYCLISTS.

The Flintshire Assault, which should call down the severest punishment on the dastardly perpetrator, should make lady cyclists less venturesome than they are. A young lady was, on the 13th inst., riding from Rhuddlan to Caerwys, and was walking by her cycle in a lonely road near Rhuddlan, when a young fellow standing by his horse asked her the way to Holywell, and is alleged to have made a most violent attack on her, tearing her clothing in the struggle, and stealing a gold bracelet and her diamond ring, and then riding off in the direction of St. Asaph. Such scoundrels are rare. But girls cannot be too cautious in cycling without proper male escort along country roads.

Another Fatal Accident.

A very sad accident occurred last Sunday night at Dalkey, near Dublin, to a lady cyclist, who was thrown off her machine in front of an electric tram-car, the wheels of which passed over her head, death being instantaneous. The victim was Miss Margaret O'Donnell, book-keeper in a business establishment in George's Street, Dublin, and she was a very expert cyclist.

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The Woman in the Black Veil.

BY MARY MACLEOD.

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"It is most vexatious," said my friend Bertram.

"What do the Scotland Yard people think about it?"

"That there was probably connivance on the part of some of our own household."

"Let me see if I have got hold of the facts correctly. You left the private hotel in Ebury Street yesterday for Beechwood. On the journey down a bag containing valuable jewellery was stolen, and another bag identical in every particular was put in its place."

"That's so," replied Bertram.

"Who were your fellow-passengers?"

"We had none. We travelled alone from Paddington to Westleigh, in a reserved first-class compartment."

"It seemed to me that in all probability the theft had been effected at Paddington Station, and I said so to Bertram. In answer to my questions he said that he went to take the tickets, leaving all the rest of the party standing near the truck on which the luggage had been piled."

"Of course the platform was crammed," continued Bertram, "but it was amazing that none of the party noticed when the theft took place. What makes it all the more curious is that we had friends to see us off."

"What friends were they?"

"Oh, some people we met over in Brittany—a Captain Carter and his son, a boy of about fourteen. They came to London the day we did, and as they were making nothing particular yesterday they came to the station to see the last of us."

"And you haven't the very faintest vestige of a clue? When you opened the bogus bag at Beechwood, what did you find in it?"

"Nothing but crumpled-up balls of brown paper, with a few pebbles thrown in to make up the weight," replied Bertram. Then he paused, and drew out his pocket-book, and extracted from it a tiny object.

"I don't suppose this will be of the slightest help, but you may as well see it for what it is worth. I came across it among the crumpled-up paper."

It was a minute scrap of torn-up notepaper, and there were a few letters visible on it—

"the Clinker and Boodles

our men

urnum Hal"

"Well, can you make anything of it?" asked Bertram when I had gazed at it for some moments.

"That second line looks suggestive."

"Yes—the name of a place—Bournemouth."

"Precisely. It may be worth following up. Shall I run down to Bournemouth to-morrow and have a look round?"

"My dear fellow, I'd be eternally grateful. Poor Jack is so ill they've telegraphed for me; but if he gets better in a day or two I'll come and join you."

He furnished me with a list of the missing jewellery, and the next day I started on my amateur detective work.

On arriving at Bournemouth, my first object was to get hold of a local directory, and run through a list of the houses.

Laburnum Hall, I found, was a fashionable boarding-house. There was luckily a vacancy, so I engaged a room for a week.

At dinner I saw all my fellow-boarders assembled. On my right were seated a good-looking soldierly man, and a bright-faced lad of about fourteen, who were newcomers like myself.

I soon discovered that the man was a Major Winter, and that the boy was his nephew. There were also a husband and wife, a father and daughter, two ancient maiden ladies, and an elderly brother and his still more elderly sister.

And each one of them, individually and collectively, looked the essence of respectability!

I was reflecting somewhat moodily upon the position of affairs when my attention was attracted by the bustle of a fresh arrival. Looking from the window I saw a cab laden with luggage standing at the garden-gate, and just descending from it, leaning heavily on the arm of a younger figure, was a tall, elderly woman, dressed in a long, dark travelling-cloak, a high-room hat, a thick black veil, and with a green shade over her eyes.

"What an extraordinary get-up!" was my involuntary exclamation. "She looks like a disguised brigand in a melodrama," and then a strange overwhelming thought rushed across me. Disguised! What more likely? That thick veil, and the disfiguring green shade!

Perhaps I showed something of the agitation in my mind, for I presently became aware that Major Winter was regarding me inquisitively.

"Anything up? Have you discovered some long-lost relative in that mysteriously garbed female?" he inquired.

I made some jesting reply, and soon afterwards retired to my room to think over matters at my leisure.

The new-comers, we were informed, were a Mrs. Penn, an invalid lady, and her companion, Miss Farley. Mrs. Penn suffered much with her eyes. On their account she could stand no strong light; she always wore either the green shade or darkened glasses, and she never stirred out of doors without the addition of the thick black veil.

A week went by in apparent outward calm; but strange things were happening below the surface at Laburnum Hall. There were

unpleasant rumours and whisperings. Miss Ordworth, the lady-manager, looked harassed and distressed, several of the boarders might have been seen confabulating in corners, and an air of aggressive suspicion was noticeable on many faces.

I bethought myself that if a crisis were approaching, it would be well to have Bertram on the spot; so I presently went to the telegraph-office and wired to him to come down by the first train. His brother was better, I knew, and Bertram was now at leisure to take part in the investigations.

As I came out of the telegraph-office I met Major Winter going in. It may have been imagination, but I certainly fancied that he looked both startled and annoyed when he saw me. He passed on, however, with a tolerably cordial nod, and I saw no more of him till late in the afternoon.

It was a dull September day, raining and blowing, and few of the boarders left the house. About five o'clock I happened to be passing through the hall, when I met Major Winter and his nephew, with their great-coats and hats on.

"Going out?" I inquired, somewhat nervously.

"Yes; can't stand the house any longer. Gerard and I are going for a good tramp—shan't be back till dinner-time."

"Well, you're fairly protected against the weather, anyhow," I said with a laugh, for, indeed, the big Inverness coats, with their voluminous capes, seemed fitted to brave the snows of January than the muggy mildness of a September rain-storm.

Not being certain by what train Bertram would come, I did not go to the station to meet him, but we had barely sat down to dinner when he arrived. He soon joined us at table, and we agreed to defer any private conversation till the meal was over. There were three vacant seats that night, for Mrs. Penn, we heard, was too unwell to leave her room, and Major Winter and his nephew had not yet returned from their "good tramp."

"By the way," said Bertram presently, "wasn't it queer? I ran across the Carters at the station. They were catching the 7.40 train back to London, so I stayed chatting with them a few minutes."

"The Carters! Oh, yes; the people whom you met in Brittany, and who were with you at Paddington the day your bag was stolen. Did you tell them what brought you here?"

"Yes. They were deeply interested; quite sorry they were leaving Bournemouth to-night. But come, if you can tear yourself away from that enticing dessert, I should like to hear all the news."

We soon found ourselves alone in my room. Bertram was much excited to hear what I had to tell, and in return imparted some news of his own. The detective whom he was employing had got hold of an important clue, and if some information which he momentarily expected arrived in time he was to follow Bertram by the next train.

Soon after ten a visitor was announced, who was shown up to my room. He was a pale, lank man, with a somewhat imbecile expression, and an irritatingly deliberate manner.

"You've got them safe under this roof?" he said. "Good. No chance of their escape? Not an inkling of our suspicions?"

"Not a scrap," I replied. "We have kept the matter so secret that I believe they do not even know yet that their delinquencies have been found out."

"So much the better! I hear they are up to the usual dodge—father and son—an officer in the Army, etc. My informant is one I can rely on." This here Clinker and Boodles—alias Captain Carter and his son—

"What?" cried Bertram.

"Alias Major Winter and his nephew—"

"What?" cried I.

"Alias half-a-dozen other names, have been run down at last," said Mr. Dove. "I have help waiting outside, and I flatter myself our gentlemen won't escape us this time."

"But Major Winter was himself among those who were robbed," I exclaimed, clinging to a last vestige of hope. "He had ten pounds stolen from him a few days ago."

The gloom of a contemptuous smile fluttered for a moment over Mr. Dove's immovable features.

"Tell your grannie! Who heard of that robbery till all the others came to light? That was nothing but a dodge to divert suspicion, if necessary, from himself; a blind that would scarcely have deceived the veriest simpleton."

It was pleasant to remember how I had taken the villain into my confidence! I ground my teeth at the recollection of my folly.

Bertram, who had been sitting amazed at the turn things had taken, here sprang to his feet with an exclamation of dismay.

"The Carters! By George—I see it all! The birds have flown! Why, I saw them off in the train for London! That explains why they looked so agitated at seeing me."

It was even so. A visit to their rooms proved beyond doubt that the military-looking swindler and the bright-faced boy had taken a hasty flight. Any possessions of value had been stowed away under their flapping Inverness cloaks, and a shabby portmanteau and an empty Gladstone bag were all that remained to tell of their presence in Laburnum Hall.

Thus ended my first attempt at amateur detective work. I had the satisfaction of learning from official lips that I had completely "muled" the case.

As for the object of my suspicions—the woman in the black veil—she was, in truth, nothing more nor less than what she pretended to be—a harmless, elderly invalid of a retiring disposition.

THE END.

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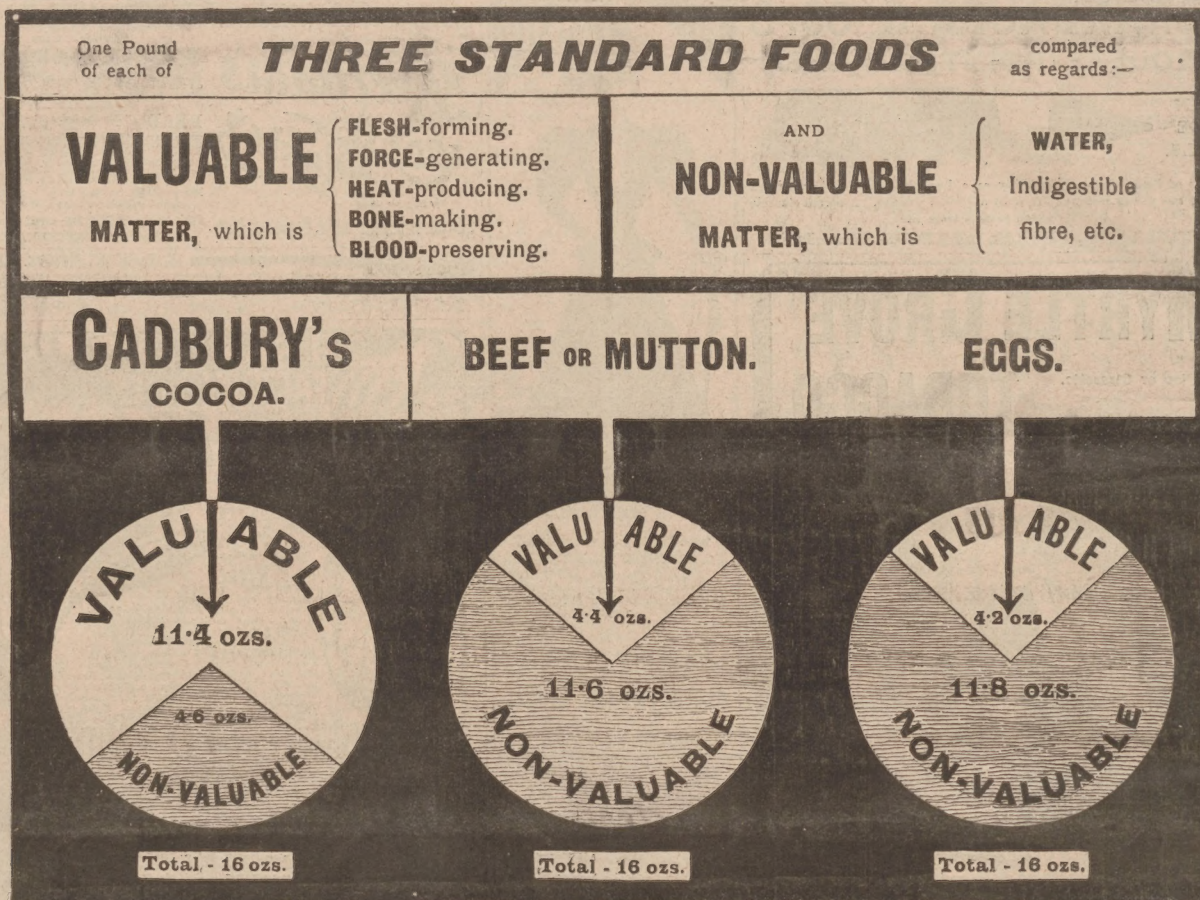
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